

LUNCH HOUR DOMESTICA -- THE SOMBRERO

It hardly seems necessary to mention in a group of lunch hour promes that the Hat should always be removed when greeting a woman Acquaintance. Yet how often does this occur in Public! Instead of removing his hat the instance he offers his hand, the man is offering his hand first, and will probably touch his hat grudgingly a minute later, when he realizes his blunder! LIFTing the hat should not be an unwelcome duty. There should be a smile behind it, a Warmth of greeting, a Spirit of sincere courtesy. It should not just be indifferently touched; it should be lifted away from the head entirely! If one stops to chat with a woman, it is not mandatory to remain hatless during the conversation; the hat should be removed upon greeting, replaced, and removed when leaving again. The well-bred man, however, always removes his hat and keeps it removed while talking to a woman. Upon their second meeting the hat may be replaced!

URBAN LUNCH HOUR PROSE POEM -- TANGLE TOWN HAIKU

A large city with no numbered streets with
no straight roads, a city with its roots in
the past, no signs no semaphores, no parking
meters no snowplows; easy to get lost in,
hard to leave, and a city of hills and valleys
trees and canals with a giant STATUE of spring-
time in front of cityhall

-- avron hoffman

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

NIGHT IN HARRISVILLE, MICHIGAN

It was a small room. The kind you expect a whore to be in when you first turn the key. Yellow walls and a brown carpet worn to the floor. The toilet and sink were beside the bed. You could see a couple staggering drunks hugging each other in front of Holly's Bar. It was a place to stay at least. With all this snow more people were bound to come up. You made room for your suitcase on the desk, turned the radio on to country music and washed up. While you were doing all this, you could hear some people down the hall getting drunk. They finally knocked on your door, asking you to have a drink. You didn't know any of them, but you drank. It was what you needed. They all came into your room. You dug out a

bottle of Old Shit Ass and before you knew it, they were singing and dancing on your bed. You woke up the whole hall. Everyone was drinking and laughing as hard as they could. There was no stopping them now. It was like a dream. You led them downstairs, spilling beer and whisky on the walls. Fifty hugging drunks staggering down main-street, the biggest thing this town had ever seen.

LEAVING FOR HOME

I am always leaving for home tomorrow.
My suitcase is packed by the door.
My friends wish me luck whenever
they see me. The landlady calls
every day and tells me to pick
the deposit up before I go.
Tomorrow she's coming over
to check the house.

I've left many times, scraping
east into the sun; eating cold
cans of beans or corn. I can
walk twenty miles in a day.
But every town I come to is
the same as the one I just left.
The same general store with that
fat woman smiling, the kids running
to the waterhole, that old man in
a chevy, eating a cigar and making
a left turn at the blinking light.
And then my friends see me and we
start talking and I am back
to where I started leaving
for home tomorrow or the next day.

-- David L. James

St. Clair Shores MI

OVER

Our favorite ride has been dismantled
and packed up.
The driver slams the door
and the Belle City Amusements truck
rolls out of our lives.